The aged man that coffers vp his gold,
Is plagu'd with cramps, and gouts, and painefull fits,
And ſcarce hath eyes his treaſure to behold,
But like ſtill pining TANTALVS he ſits,
And vſeleſſe barnes the harueſt of his wits:
Hauing no other pleaſure of his gaine,
But torment that it cannot cure his paine.

So then he hath it when he cannot vſe it,
And leaues it to be maiſtred by his yong:
VVho in their pride do preſently abuſe it,
Their father was too weake, and they too ſtrong
To hold their curſed-bleſſed Fortune long.
"The ſweets we wiſh for, turne to lothed ſowrs,
"Euen in the moment that we call them ours.

Vnruly blaſts wait on the tender ſpring,
Vnholſome weeds take roote with precious flowrs,
The Adder hiſſes where the ſweete birds ſing,
VVhat Vertue breedes Iniquity deuours:
VVe haue no good that we can ſay is ours,
But ill annexed opportunity
Or kils his life, or elſe his quality.

O